490. e. 37.

THE

FANATIC SAINTS;

OR,

BEDLAMITES *Inspired.*

A SATIRE.

A NEW EDITION,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED, BY THE AUTHOR.

[Price Two Shillings.]

Saints
K

THE

FANATIC SAINTS;

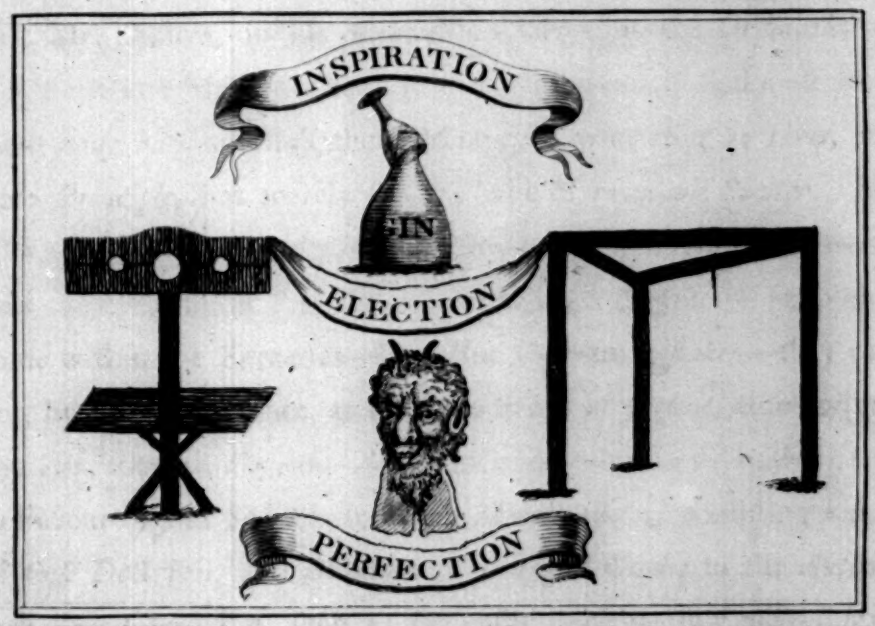
OR,

BEDLAMITES *Inſpired.*

A SATIRE.

——"Hypocriſy, *and* Nonſenſe,
"*Have got th'* Advowſon *of their* Conſcience."

HUDIBRAS.



"I cannot ſee with Temper ſo many *religious Mountebanks* impoſe on the *unwary Multitude*; Wretches who make *a Trade of Religion*, and ſhew an uncommon Concern for *the next World* only to raiſe *their Fortunes* with greater Security *in this.*"

HYPOCRITE, Act I. Scene I.

LONDON,
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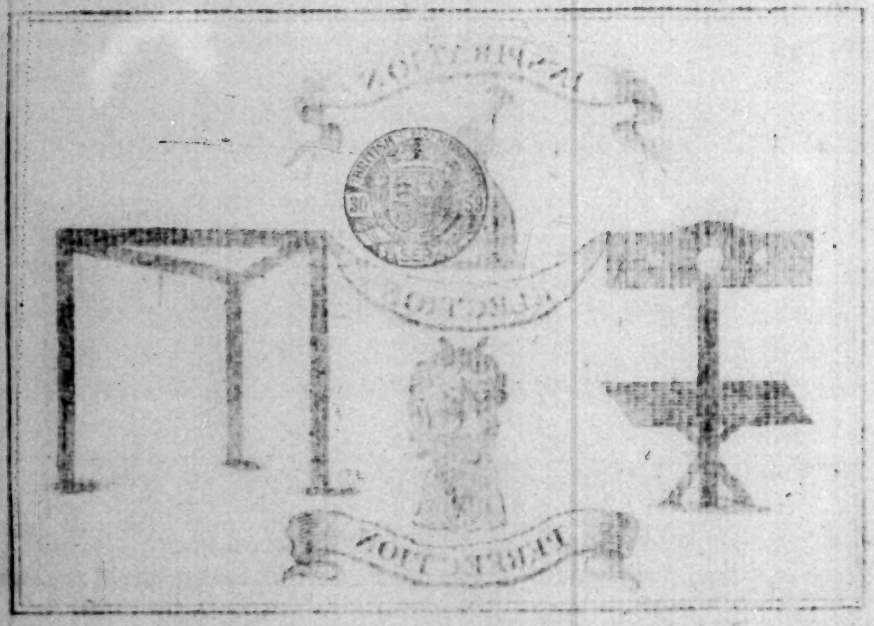
THE

FANATIC SAINTS;

OR,

Bigamists Inspired.

A SATIRE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Author*, in his *firſt* Edition of this Poem, had intitled it *The Saints* only—but he has *now* added the Epithet *Fanatic* to its *Title*, that it may not be ſuppoſed that his *Satire* includes the reſpectable Body of *rational Diſſenters*. He levels *his Piece* at thoſe *Swarms of Fanatics* only, who, like *hunted Vermin*, mingle themſelves with harmleſs *Sheep*, to eſcape the *Chace* of *Satire*, *Deriſion*, and *Contempt*. Dr. *Enfield*, in his late excellent Sermon, and the Rev. Mr. *Godwin*, in his admirable *Charge*, at the *Ordination* of Mr. Yates and Mr. Anderſon, ſeem *juſtly anxious* to ſhake off from their *truly rational Body* theſe *Methodiſts*, who *cling to them*, not from *Principle*, but merely for the Sake of *reputable Shelter*. Beſides, they think that by *this Artifice* "*Defendit Numerus*,"—and that *their Vagabond Field-Preachers* will (as *Diſſenters* forſooth!) come within the *Toleration-Act*.—But they are *miſtaken*—they cannot, by any Contrivance, as the *Law* ſtands *at preſent*, come within any *Act* but the *Vagrant-Act*, which contains *no tolerating Clauſe* in Favour of *ſuch Strollers* and their *Merchandizes*, conſiſting *always* of *falſe Doctrines*, and *ſometimes* of *ſmuggled Goods*, to the *Author*'s *own Knowledge*—i. e. ſuch as are eaſily portable in *Saddle-Bags*—*Lace*, *Silk Handkerchiefs*, &c. &c.——What *ſhallow Hypocrites* are theſe! to think that *rank Fanaticiſm*, *ſlily engrafted* upon the *fair Stock* of *rational Diſſention*, can yield *good Fruit!*

THE
FANATIC SAINTS*;
OR,
BEDLAMITES† *Inſpired.*

IS there a *Tribe*‡ who boaſt *peculiar Light*,
Diſſent from all‖, and yet with all *unite*§;
Who think no Mortal *uninſpir'd* can *teach*,
Yet run ten Miles to hear a *Tinker* preach¶;

* A *Maſter-Key* to this Performance will be found in a little Piece, lately publiſhed by Mr. Bew, intitled, A *Calm Enquiry* into rational and *fanatical Diſſention*.

† N. B. *Old Bedlam* is next Door to the *Foundery*.

‡ Meaning the *fanatic Tribe* of *Methodiſts*, who affect to call themſelves *Diſſenters*, and endeavour to *wriggle themſelves* into that *rational Body*, who *juſtly* and *wiſely diſavow all Connection with them*.—For *this Aſſertion*, I appeal to Dr. *Enfield*'s *Ordination-Sermon*, his *Preface* to it, and the Rev. Mr. *Godwin*'s *Charge* at the *Ordination* of Mr. Yates and Mr. Anderſon.—Theſe ſenſible and pious *Diſſenting Miniſters* (like others) diſclaim all *Union* with the *Methodiſts* or *Fanatics* in the ſtrongeſt Terms that *Decency* and *Chriſtian Charity* can uſe.

‖ The *crafty Teachers* of theſe *fanatical Tribes*, that they may *engroſs* the *Milk*, and *Fleeces*, as well as *Carcaſſes*, of their *Flocks*, have taught them to believe that there is *no Salvation* out of the *Tabernacle-Track*; and, therefore, though they run, out of *idle Curioſity*, to hear *all Doctrines* in *all Places* of *Worſhip*, yet they have no *Confidence* in any *Preachers* but *their own*.

§ To avoid the Imputation of *Schiſm* and *Separation*, they wear the *Maſk of Unity*, but in Reality deride the *Doctrines* and *Preachers* of the *Church of England*. See the *Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor*, in numberleſs Paſſages—aſſerting, that *few*, very *few*, of them *preach the Goſpel*.

¶ A certain *preaching Tinker* ſtumbled upon the Word *Ratio*; which he explained thus: "The Word *Ratio*, my Friends,—the Word *Ratio*, my Friends,—is *Greek* for an *Hebrew Horſe*."—This was a *Pupil* worthy of *Jack Cade*'s *Foundery*—as *honeſt* a *Foundery* as any *inſpired Mend-all* hath *ſince* ſet up.

Wildly.

Wildly interpret ev'ry *Goſpel-Line*,
As if the Whole were writ with *bad Deſign*;
Abjure the *Pope*, but yet, in cloſe * *Confeſſion*,
Unlock their Souls to give a *Knave* Poſſeſſion;
Admit no Pow'r on *Antichriſt* devolv'd,
Yet to a *Taylor* bend to be *abſolv'd*;
A *Tribe* whom Rome's *Anathemas* diſpleaſe,
Yet *curſe* their Neighbour on their bended Knees †;
In the ſure Path of fix'd *Election* tread,
Till they and all their Houſe want *Shoes* and *Bread*;
In *lazy Hope* deſert their *Ploughs* and *Harrows*,
Gaping for *Food* with Ravens, Rooks, and Sparrows;

* *They* actually *confeſs* to their *Teachers*, and even to their *Claſs-Leaders* (Women), the *State* of their *Souls*, as they call it, as well as the State of their *Bodies*, and *private Affairs*, &c. &c. *Confeſſion* is an excellent *Key* in *judicious Hands*. Theſe *Claſs-Leaders* are *obſtetrical female Saints*, whoſe Aſſiſtance is found particularly uſeful and neceſſary at the *Pangs* and *Throes* of the *New-Birth*. They are, in Truth, a Kind of *ſpiritual Spies*, who inform the *principal Teacher* of what may be moſt eſſential to his *Wiſhes* or his *Intereſt*.—St. *Paul* does not mention *this Order* of *female Paſtors*. *His Church* wanted no ſuch *neceſſary Veſſels*.

† "If any of our Brethren (ſays Dr. *Enfield*) imagine that the Cauſe of *Chriſt* is beſt ſupported by inſiſting upon *inexplicable Myſteries*, &c. let them enjoy their Opinion—provided only that they be more ſparing of their *Cenſures* and *Anathemas* againſt thoſe who *have not ſo learned Chriſt*." Vide Dr. Enfield's (a *diſſenting Miniſter*'s) Sermon at the Ordination of Mr. Yates and Mr. Anderſon.—N. B. Tho' Dr. *Enfield* may not heſitate, in *Chriſtian Charity*, to call theſe *Wild-Geeſe* "*Brethren*," yet he very juſtly reminds them that the *rational* Part of the *Brotherhood* have not *ſo learned Chriſt*. *They* are *Brethren* only as they are *Sons of Adam*—of the *Old Adam* too.

In

In *Faith*, and *Rags*, againſt ſharp Winter ſteel'd,
Becauſe Heav'n clothes the *Lillies of the Field* *:
Who wou'd not *laugh*, if *ſuch a Tribe* he ſee,
And turn 'em out for *public Sport*, like *me?*
Leſt decent *Forms* to *Bigotry* † ſhou'd lead,
Their unexampled *Faith* admits no *Creed:*
From Us *Profeſſors* ‡ they with Scorn *diſſent*,
Yet with no *Tenets* their *vague Sect* cement:
Fix'd *Principles* wou'd *Zeal*'s bright Flame reſtrain,
And cool too faſt the *Fever* of their *Brain:*
From *Reaſon* free, they give their *Frenzies* wing,
Groan, *weep*, *rave*, *rant*, *confeſs*, *exhort*, and *ſing*.

* When *G——e W—teſ—d* blew up the Embers of *Hypocriſy* and *Fanaticiſm* to ſuch a Flame as produced what the *Bigots of Scotland* to this Day call the *gracious Work of Cambuſlang*, the Agriculture of ſome Counties was almoſt totally neglected, and other Species of mechanic Labour ceaſed; which brought *Ruin* on ſeveral Families, and threatened a *Famine* in that Part of the Country.—Dr. *Enfield* (a *diſſenting Miniſter*), in his excellent Sermon at the Ordination of Mr. Yates and Mr. Anderſon, juſtly cenſures the *Church of Rome* for *interrupting Men in their uſeful Labours* by her *Injunctions*. Are the *fanatic Leaders* leſs blameable, who tell their *Dupes* that their *Bible is never to be out of their Hands?*—*Our Saviour*, and St. *Paul*, taught *otherwiſe*. —The *latter* ſays, "He that will not *work*, neither let him *eat*."

† They are dreadfully afraid of *Bigotry*. Vide *Weſley*'s Preface to his *Hymns*, and all their other Books.—Yet a *Popiſh Bigot* is a *Locke* to theſe *deluded Converts* of the *Tabernacle*, who are the *rankeſt* of *all Bigots*.

‡ With this Name the *Choſen Few* brand the *Church-of-England-Men*. See the *Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor*, and their other ridiculous *Books*; thoſe *pious Mouſe-traps*, which *fanatical Knavery* has *baited* for the *credulous*, *unthinking Rabble*.

All *Form* diſcarded, 'tis an *heav'nly Taſk*
At *random* to *believe*, *adore*, and *aſk**;
"*On Chriſt to lay faſt hold*†" in *rapt'rous Talk*,
And with their *Maker*, *tete-à-tete*, to walk.
Their *Faith*'s a *Dream*, their *Preaching* but a *Job*,
Their *frantic Pray'r* a mere *Decoy* for *Mob*.
Thus *maſk'd Hypocriſy* for *Folly* feels;
Thus, *in Diſguiſe*, on *Sleep* the *Murd'rer* ſteals.
Againſt th'*eſtabliſh'd Church* they loudly cry‡,
Yet *join* it, *double-fac'd*, they know not *why*;
In all *Eſſentials* ſtaunch—unleſs they *lie*.
To *clouted Shoes* the *Scarf* and *Caſſock* yield;
And *Prieſts* with *Hob*‖ go Snacks, and ſhare *the Field*;
A *Field* of *Prey*—where *ſenſeleſs Reptiles* crawl,
And for the *Food* of *ſtronger Vermin* fall.

* Horrid is the Preſumption with which the *Paſtors* of the *Methodiſtic Flock* ſpeak of the *Almighty*. Their Brethren of other Nations have carried their Effrontery to ſuch a Height, that the famous *Zinzendorff*, in a Conference with the late pious Dr. Doddridge, declared, that *he* intended to aſk the *Supreme Being*, at the Day of Judgment, to *ſhorten* the Duration of the *Puniſhment* of the Wicked, if not to *forgive* it altogether; which *he had no Manner of Doubt*, upon *his* interfering, would be granted.

† A favourite *Cant-Phraſe* among theſe *Wild-Geeſe*—eſpecially in that Part of our *Metropolis* where St. *Dunſtan* takes the *Devil* by the *Noſe*.

‡ Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor—*throughout*—and their *other Books*.

‖ Alluding to the *preaching Journeymen* ſent out by the *fanatic Leaders* round the *Counties* to preach *what they call Goſpel*, and to *collect*.—There are many *Hobs* and *Hodges* among theſe *itinerant Vagabond-Preachers*—Fellows from *Forges*, *Mills*, *Waggons*, *Stables*, and *Plough-Tails*—*Brandiſhers* of *Flails*, *Wielders* of *Scythes*, *Sacks*, and *Dung-Forks*.

That

That none of *Schiſm* theſe *Zealots* may ſuſpect,
They peſter *ev'ry Church*, and *ev'ry Sect:*
More *righteous* than the *Righteous* to be found,
Thro' *ev'ry Houſe of Pray'r* they take their Round:
Not knowing *what* they ſeek, they wing their Way,
And fly thro' *all Religions* in a Day *,
With *all* they pray, by Turns, or *ſeem* to pray.
Mingling with *all*, the *Rabble* they trepan
To ſeek *Salvation* on their *better Plan* †,
As ably to the *Choſen Few* laid down
In *leathern Apron* as in *Band and* ‡ *Gown.*
No *ſaving Truths* to them ſo plain appear
As when a *Cobler*'s Comment makes 'em clear ‖.

* The *godly Pretence* of theſe *ignorant Bubbles* of *deſigning Knavery* is, that "*they need much Information.*"—The *Truth* is, that they are *privately enjoined* to *run about* thus, by Way of *Decoy-Ducks*, to pick up *Proſelytes* for the Benefit of their *craving Paſtors.*"—*They* pluck their *Feathers*, and pick their *Bones.*

† Of *New-Light.*

‡ Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor, p. 99—*an Apology* by *J. W.* for *his preaching Emiſſaries*, who are *Tinkers*, *Taylors*, *Coblers*, *Smugglers*, *Butchers*, *Forgemen*, *Carpenters*, *Bricklayers*, &c.—This *fanatic Pamphleteer* has the *Impudence* to call *our Preachers* "*Intruders.*"—Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor, p. 145—*this ſpiritual Volpone*'s own Performance, tho' he is aſhamed *to own it.* Vide *Perfection, a Poem*, p. 31.

‖ One of theſe *bleſſed* Commentators, in an elegant Chapel, lately took for his Text the Falling of the *Manna*, which he ſaid meant *electing Love* and *abſolute Predeſtination*, and proved it to be *from all Eternity:* Thus *Manna*, we are told, ſaid he, reſembled *Coriander-Seed*, which is round; what is *round* has neither *Beginning* nor *End*; and ſo, ye ſee, *Predeſtination* is *everlaſting.*

Their

Their *Teachers* from the *Kennel* have a *Call* * ;
To *read* and *write* is moſt *unſcriptural* †.
All *human* ‡ *Learning* ſtinks of *heathen Pride* ;
To *Fools* a *Knave inſpir'd*'s the *ableſt Guide* ;
Like Paſte he moulds his *Heav'nly-deſtin'd Flock*,
Whom *Lies* cannot alarm, or *Nonſenſe* ſhock ;
Whom *Ign'rance* for *her* Votaries deſign'd,
Of *boundleſs Inſolence*, and *narrow Mind* :
With them *Reſpect to Perſons* is a *Sin* ‖ ;
Meek Lambs without, *proud Phariſees* within §,

* All Jeroboam's *Prieſts* were from *the loweſt of the People*—But ſince the *firſt* Publication of this *Satire*, a *Baronet* (Sir H. T--l-w--y) has been *dubb'd* a *Paſtor*—On this Occaſion the *Saints* are *triumphant*—But the *bloody Hand* ſhould be wiped out of his *Coat of Arms*, methinks.

† " Every one who undertakes to teach *others* ſhould *himſelf* be *well inſtructed*," ſays Mr. *Godwin* (a *diſſenting Miniſter*) in his excellent *Charge* at the Ordination of Mr. Yates and Mr. Anderſon. The famous *Jack Cade*, who was *inſpired too*, as a *Reformiſt*, when he had brought *Lord Say* (whom he *beheaded*) to the *Block*, told him that *he (Cade)* was the *Beſom* ordained by *Heaven* to ſweep *all human Learning* from the Earth.—Among other *Reproaches* which he caſt on Lord *Say*, he told him that he had been guilty of *one anti-chriſtian Crime* more heinous than all the reſt, namely, that of erecting a *Grammar-School* for the Education of Youth.—Theſe *preaching Fanatics* of our Day inherit *Jack Cade*'s Diſguſt to *human Learning*.—Honeſt *Jack* ſprung from the *Dunghill* too.

‡ See *human Learning* plentifully derided in the *Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor*.—The Author of this *Traſh* is certainly a Diſciple of *Jack Cade*, who took upon himſelf the Title of Captain *Mend all*.

‖ If theſe *pitiable Fanatics* deſerved the Name (which they *affect*) of *Diſſenters*, they would think, with their *diſſenting Brother*, the *ſenſible* Mr. *Godwin*, that " *Good-Breeding* was the finiſhing Ornament of *Wiſdom*, *Piety*, and *univerſal Goodneſs* ; rendering them in the higheſt Degree *amiable*." Vide Mr. *Godwin*'s *Charge* before mentioned.—Q. Did St. *Paul* want this Kind of polite *Decorum* and *Urbanity* when he ſpoke before *Felix*, or *Feſtus*?—Did he not pay *them* every *Reſpect* due to *Roman Governors*?—Did he not condeſcend to ſay, " *Moſt noble Feſtus!*"—But theſe *fanatic Hypocrites* ſlight the *Example*, as well as the *Rules*, of St. *Paul*, and miſtake *Brutality* for *Chriſtian Simplicity*, as they do *unnatural*, *frantic Geſtures* for *true Devotion*.

§ They reduce the Virtue of *Humility* to a mere *Form* :—To *turn up* the White of their Eyes—ſometimes to *ſhut* their Eyes—to *ſpeak* in a deep, ſlow, and hollow Tone—

to

They ſink *Superiors* to their *level Plan*;
* *Frank* buoys 'em up againſt the *Fear of Man.*
Scripture, the Rule of *Manners*, thus we ſee
Wreſted to vindicate *Indecency.*
Chriſtian-Aſſurance in the *Goſpel-Senſe*
They conſtrue into *matchleſs Impudence*;
And pray for *two* peculiar Marks of *Grace*,
A *dog-like Forehead*, and a *well-pav'd Face*;
For *Fronts of Flint* implore the Great I AM †,
Yet call themſelves the "*Followers of the Lamb* ‡".
The leaſt Regard to *Man* they diſavow,
Yet to a *Pile of Bricks and Mortar* bow ‖.

to *mouth* well their Words—wring their Hands—*ſigh* and *groan* in Time—*always to look down.*—Whilſt the *Eyes* of the *outward Man* are *ſhut*, their *Congregation* is to ſuppoſe that the *Operations* of the *Spirit* are *extraordinarily briſk* and *vigorous within.*—Q. Whether St. *Paul* preached at *Athens* with his *Eyes ſhut?*—*Raphael* has not *painted* him *ſo.*—If *Longinus* had ſuppoſed it, he would hardly have honoured him with a Place among his *celebrated Orators.*

* A *Methodiſt* Writer on that Subject.

† Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor*, p. 54, where there is *this Prayer:* "I beſeech the Great *I am* to give me an "*holy Boldneſs*,"—a "*Face of Flint.*"

‡ Nay, their *Aſſurance* carries them *farther* than this. One of their noted Preachers boldly urged the *Impoſſibility* of Salvation *out* of *their Sect.* It was argued againſt him, from the *Univerſality* of the *Divine Goodneſs*—from the Guilt of preſuming to *limit* the *Mercy* of *God*—from the Declarations of *Scripture.*—*Scripture!* replied he—Why that's on *my* Side.—*How?*—There is no Doubt but *our Saviour* meant *us*, when he ſaid, "Fear not, *little Flock*, it is *your Father*'s Will to give *you* the Kingdom."

‖ Their *Conventicles*, or *Tabernacles.*—Many of theſe *Dupes* bow to them as they paſs them.—Thus *ſuperſtitious Papiſts* bow to the *Eaſt*, to *Shrines*, *Images*, *Altars*, &c.

Sacred are *Piles* to *pious Knav'ry* rais'd,
Where *Goats* and *Aſſes* by the *Fox* * are graz'd!
Wild as thoſe Herds for *heav'nly Food* they ſtray,
Cropping *Weeds*, *Thiſtles*, *Brambles*, in their Way:
All Doctrines they devour with equal Zeſt,
They *gape* and *ſwallow*, but they can't *digeſt*.
Want of *Diſcernment* leads 'em to beſtow
Their *Praiſe* and *Purſe* on Tongues that *rave* and *flow* †.
Hence *loſt R*-----*e* ‡ (who once *Perſuaſion* had)
Is now a *Goſpel-Labourer* run *mad*;

* That *Leader* is a *fanatical Volpone*, a downright *Cantwell*, who can baſely ſtoop to wheedle *married Women* out of *Money* purloined from their *Huſbands* by *falſe Keys* and *other Stratagems*, for the Uſe of *the Poor*, *building Chapels*, &c. I have reminded *one* of theſe *Cantwells*, in another Poem *(Perfection)*, of a certain *City-Marſhal*—I will remind him *now* of his being obliged by *another injured and defrauded Huſband* to draw a *Draft* for 30*l.* which he had gulled *the Wife* out of *to build a Chapel*, forſooth!—*A Pair of Piſtols* was produced by the *Huſband*, and *old Cantwell refunded*. The Author can prove *this Fact* any Day in the Week.—This is *Perfection!*—If *Money* had any *Ear-Mark*, how often might *defrauded Maſters* and *Huſbands* find *their own* in the *Tabernacle Money-Boxes*, and the *Pockets* of *Vagrant-Preachers*, and their *righteous Leaders?*—*Thus* "He that *giveth* to the *Poor*, *lendeth* to the *Lord*."—The *Devil* (as *Shakeſpear* ſays) can cite *Scripture* for *his Purpoſe*.

† There is not a Text in the *Bible* which *theſe pious Paſtors* wiſh more to *realize* than that of finding *Godlineſs* to be *great Gain* in *this* World, whatever it may be in the *next*. When the *Quarterly Half-Crowns* or *Weekly Two-Pences fail*, they complain that the *Love* of many is *waxed cold:* For, with all their *Ardour* after *Things heavenly*, there is not, in general, a more *ſelfiſh*, *ſponging*, *craſty*, *rooking*, *mean*, *covetous*, and *groveling Pack* upon Earth; of whom the ingenious Mr. Dorſet, in one of his Poems, well ſaid, (ſpeaking of a *Bigot*,)

His Soul, enwrapt, admits no vain Reſtraint,
To *Man* a *Scoundrel*, but to *God* a *Saint*.

‡ Like his *favourite Saint* (St. *Dunſtan*) he takes the *Devil* by the *Noſe* too.—He is a downright *fanatic Quixote*—Yet there *was* a Time when he was not only *rational*, and *ſcriptural*, but even *captivating*, in the *Pulpit*.——

Heu! quantum *mutatus* ab *illo!*

A Flock

A Flock as *choice* as *M-d-n*'s now he *heads*,
And " *ſends his Hearers weeping to their Beds.*"
To *this* * we owe ſuch *godly Field-Harangues*,
Bleſt Converts raving, and *lewd Saints* in *Gangs*,
Who *penitently* bend to *Proſtitution*,
And *fall*, to *riſe new-born* from *Abſolution*;
Not from *Repentance*—that's a tedious Round †;
A ſhorter Cut to *Grace* of late is found
By *Faith* alone ‡—This Grappling " *takes faſt Hold*;"
Wholeſale, and *retail*, in *Moorfields* 'tis *ſold* ‖:
There Peaſants, *gull'd* by many a *tortur'd Text*,
Throw in their *laſt-Week's-Mite* to *ſtarve* the next;
There faſcinated *Parents* cry " *Divine!*"
And, *giving all*, forget *their Child* muſt *dine*.
Farthings drop in from *Hedges* and *Highways*;
The *Beggar*'s Purſe its piteous *Quota* pays §;

* i. e. Want of *Diſcernment*.

† We here challenge the *moſt* unprejudiced *Methodiſt* to name a ſingle *Hymn* upon *Repentance*, as a *neceſſary* Duty, in that Collection of Mr. *Whitefield*'s now uſed at moſt of his Chapels. What a glaring Inſtance of our Poet's Remark!—Yet *Whitefield* was the *great ſhining Light* in the *fanatic Hemiſphere*.

‡ We hear *Tabernacles*, *Barns*, and *Fields*, ring with " O! the *Curſe* of *Unbelief!*" —but how often do theſe *vagrant Preachers* harangue upon the Neceſſity of *Repentance?*—The *fancied Operations* and *Feelings* of the *Spirit* are *perpetual Topics*; but how ſeldom do they recommend *common Honeſty* to their *Audience?*

‖ Enquire for *old Cantwell*'s *Stall*—a *noted Bookſeller*, and *political*, *phyſical*, and *ſpiritual Pamphleteer*—" *Pick and chuſe* from a *Penny* to a *Shilling*."

§ Theſe *ſpiritual Mountebanks* claim a *divine Right* to *perſonal Contributions*, even from *common Beggars*.—The *Canoniſts* ſupport *this pretended Right* with all the *Effrontery* of

And many a *Convert* goes without a *Smock*,
To pamper *Simon Magus* at the *L---*.
Detected Simon!—to juſt Scorn conſign'd,
Incurable in *Body*, as in *Mind*;
By *Vice*, ere *Manhood* reach'd its Prime, *decay'd*,
Pale, *meagre Looks* * prepar'd him for his *Trade*;
And *Mimicry*, the Nurſe of all *Buffoons* †,
Train'd him among her favourite *Poltroons* ‡;
Spread all *her Maſks* before him for his Choice;
Form'd his *ſtarch'd Air*, and tun'd his *wheedling Voice*;
For *diff'rent Parts* ſupply'd a *diff'rent Face*,
And gave him all the Pow'rs of *Stage-Grimace*.
Whilſt his *old carnal Adam* dar'd *rebel*,
Purſe, *Soul*, and *Body* too, before him fell.
In *Spoils corporeal* now no more he deals;
For *thoſe* full many a *fleſhly Thorn* he *feels*.
Sweet Saint! he *trafficks* now in *Souls* alone;
Long may his Pow'r o'er *Falſehood*'s *Dupes* be known!

of *Methodiſm*. Vide *Linwood* de *Decimis*. The *Popiſh Prieſts* reſt upon thoſe Pillars of *pious Craft* which the *Canoniſts* have raiſed, and the *Tabernacle-Paſtors* take *full Advantage* of all *profitable Doctrines*, let them flow from what *Source* they will.

* Like thoſe of a *Brother-Patient* at the *Lock Hoſpital*.

† *Our Simon* is remarkable for *his Gift* of *Mimicry*—an *excellent Talent* for *fanatic Fly-Catchers*—*Every Virtue* may be *mimicked*.

‡ *Poltroons*, a *hard Name!*—but fully juſtified by a *certain Fact* hereafter related, and *well atteſted*.

Fled

Fled from the pert Chican'ry of the *Bar*,
May no more *Frauds divulg'd* his *Purpoſe* mar;
But *Simony* * and *Prieſtcraft* fill his Purſe,
Who takes *Advowſons* and *loſt Souls* to *nurſe!*
Not gifted *now* (as *once*) to pleaſe the *Fair*,
He turns his Pow'rs to *Preaching* and to *Pray'r*,
Carries on *Commerce* in a *decent Way*,
And *gulls* thoſe *Harlots* whom he us'd to *pay* †.
Full well he knows the *Myſt'ries* of *his Art*;
That *whining Cant* can win the *guilty Heart*;
That the true Teſt of *Doctrines well laid down*
Is an *aſſenting Groan*, and—*Half a Crown*;
That *ſhallow Minds* to *empty Rant* incline ‡,
The *paſſive Dupes* of *ſanctify'd Deſign* ‖,

* See a *notorious Caſe of Simony*, printed about ſeven Years ago.—It was an excellent *Key* to a certain *fanatical Lock*, whoſe *Wards* want much *cleanſing*.

† There is *one moral Doctrine* which theſe *rhapſodical Retailers* of *Scripture Texts*, theſe *Turners and Twiſters* of the *Goſpel*, condeſcend to *preach*, viz. That "the *Labourer is worthy of his Hire*."—Upon *this equitable Principle our Simon* proceeds *now* in his *Repriſals* on that Part of the *Chriſtian World* which he formerly uſed *to pay* upon the very *ſame Principle*. In this *Practice* he conforms *religiouſly* to the Opinion and Doctrine of the *Canoniſts*, who do not bluſh to ſay that even *common Proſtitutes* are, *in Conſcience*, obliged to pay *Tithes* of the *Earnings* of *Fornication*. Vide *Linwood* de *Decimis*—*Paul* de *Beneficiis*—*Degge*, 351.

‡ What Dr. *Enfield* juſtly calls "*vague Declamations* on Topics which have no immediate Connection with *Morality*."—Vide his Ordination-Sermon, p. 20.—*Deſultory Harangues* which have no *one leading View*, as Mr. *Godwin* ſays in his *Charge*.

‖ Of *artful Teachers*; "who weaken the Influence of the *moral Principle* in Mens Minds by leading them to place their Hopes of *future Happineſs* on *other Foundations* than a *virtuous Temper* and *Character*." Vide Dr. *Enfield*'s Ordination-Sermon, p. 10.

Like *Ships unballaſted*, which *Chance* muſt *ſave*,
The Sport of ev'ry Wind and ev'ry Wave.
Hence *Botchers* now, who ſcarce can *read*, or *ſpeak*,
Without their *Shears* can earn a Crown a Week.
O! that ſuch *ſlip-ſhod Saints*, to *Patching* bred,
Wou'd never quit the *Needle* and the *Thread!*
Nor give their *evil Genius* ſuch a Looſe
To mount the *Roſtrum*, and forget their *Gooſe!*
But ſome among theſe *Timothys*, and *Pauls*,
Hold forth, yet ſtill attend their *Shops* and *Stalls*;
And *Handicraftſmen*, with the *Care of Souls*,
In *Conſciences* and *Shoes* will cobble *Holes*;
Doctrinal Points, like *Ghoſtly Fathers*, ſettle,
And mend your *Faith*, your *Bellows*, or your *Kettle*;
Obſcureſt Texts to Admiration handle,
Yet ſell *Geneva*, or a *Farthing-Candle* *;
On *Deſks*, or *Anvils*, let their Vengeance fall,
And turn a *Horſe-Shoe*, or obey a *Call.*
Now *Clowns*, who us'd to goad the lab'ring Ox,
Lead forth to Paſtures green † *old Cantwell's Flocks*;

* Theſe Aſſertions are *real Truths*—There are numberleſs Inſtances of theſe *preaching Traders* and *Handicraftſmen* in England, to every one's Knowledge.

† This is the *fanatical Cant* of *Preſs*, *Pulpit*, *Roſtrum*, *Joint-ſtool*, and *Tub*—They *write* and *whine* about "*feeding the Flock* with *wholeſome Nouriſhment*"—"*leading them to pure Paſtures freſh and green.*" Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor, p. 144, 145.

And, having only *Heaven* in their Ken,
Not *Gain* *, turn *Apoſtolic-Journeymen*.
Butchers, predeſtin'd *Holy Writ* to mawl,
View with Contempt their *Slaughter-Houſe* and *Stall* †;
In *Frenzy*'s ſtrongeſt Fit *Chriſt*'s *Servants* made,
Embracing *Bankruptcy*, leave off their *Trade*;
No more they dreſs the Fleſh of Beaſts for Sale,
But deal out *heav'nly Manna* ‡ by Retail.
Ev'n *Waggoners*, beſotted, in *a* ‖ *Dream*
Are dubb'd *Apoſtles*, and forſake their *Team*.
Long-winded *Cow-Boys* in *new Calls* rejoice,
And teach a *tamer Herd* to know their *Voice*:
Freſh from the Field they *lecture* and *expound*,
Roaring like Bulls to prove their *Doctrine ſound*.

* *They* have the *Modeſty* to call *our Clergy* "*Hirelings*, not *Shepherds*"—yet who are ſo *baſely mercenary* as theſe *Vagabond Preachers* and their *Employers*?—What they cannot get in *Meal*, they will take in *Malt*—either *Money*, or *Money's Worth*, from a *Woman's ſilver Thimble* to *her Huſband's Shirts and Stockings*.—N. B. *Theſe Anecdotes* ſhall ſee the Light *in Print – fully explained*.

† You may always find, either in their *Words* or *Actions*, or *both*, ſomething which favours ſtrongly of their *Trade*. Their chief *Flowers of Rhetoric* are for the moſt Part taken from *thence*: Witneſs the Uneaſineſs one of theſe *new-born* (we mean *new-ſkinned*) *Butchers* ſhewed, till he had got a large *Burying-Ground* adjoined to his *Tabernacle*, that he might continue *to profit* by the *Carcaſe*, as he had formerly done by the *Hide*.

‡ One of their *Cant-Phraſes* for their *Doctrines*.

‖ The *Converſion* of *theſe Saints* is generally in *Viſions*. See a very remarkable *one* in the *Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor*, p. 113.—And *every third Word* a *Lie* (as *Falſtaff* ſays), as duly paid as the *Grand Signior*'s *Tribute*.

Like

Like *Paul* of *Tarſus* hear a *Blackſmith* ſpeak,
Nor *Welſh*, nor *Engliſh*---**Stentor*'s Lungs more weak---
On your *ſtunn'd* Ear, like *Waves*, his *Periods* break;
In *clam'rous Storms* ſhake the *diſtracted Soul*,
And o'er its *trembling Wreck* in *thund'ring Triumph* roll.
Had *Felix* heard ſo *boiſt'rous* a Defence,
The *Sound*† had made him *tremble*, not the *Senſe*.
To-day a *Link-Boy*, fir'd with *Inſpiration*,
Trims up and *lights* the *Lantern of Salvation*:
To-morrow *Strap*, who ſcorns to mend a *Shoe*,
Sets *Goſpel-Myſt'ries* in the cleareſt View;
Unfolds with Eaſe what *Chriſt himſelf* conceal'd,
And proves that *all Things* are to *him* reveal'd.
Brimful of *Righteouſneſs*, unaw'd by *Senſe*,
By *Inſpiration* urg'd and *Impudence*,
The *Bricklay'r*'s-*Labourer*‡, with horny Fiſts,
On *Faith* in Preference to *Works* inſiſts‖.

* One of *Homer*'s Heralds, who had a Voice equal to that of fifty Men.

† The *Importance* of *Sound* and *Noiſe* in the *Goſpel* of *Methodiſm* is truly great. One of the genuine *fiery* Breed piouſly wiſhed that he might never enter a Pulpit without lifting up his *Voice* like a *Trumpet*. A *Hearer* archly obſerved, that then he was ſure the *Lord* would *not* be with him; ſince he had learned from *Scripture*, That there came a *great Noiſe* and a *Whirlwind*, but the Lord was *not there*; and afterwards there was a *ſtill ſmall Voice*, and the Lord *was there*.

‡ *This Character* is from *the Life*, (and ſo they are in general *in all* this *Author*'s Poems)—But for *this Labourer* in the *Goſpel*, he is, to *the Author*'s *Knowledge*, one of the greateſt *Raſcals* living.

‖ *This* is a favourite Topic with theſe *myſtic Syſtem-Mongers*, tho' the *general Current* throughout the *New Teſtament* runs directly *againſt them*—not to mention *every Diſcourſe*

Born with convincing Thumps the *Deſk* to ſplit,
This *Manufacturer* of *Sacred Writ*
Beneath his *Hod* no more aſcends on high
The Chimney's drooping Fabric to ſupply:
Folly and *Sin* far *better Pay* afford
To one who raiſes "*Temples to the Lord*;"
Temples not built with *Hands*, but heaving *Sides*;
With *Words*, that almoſt burſt the leathern Hides
Of panting *Paſtors*, who diſcharge their *Thunder*,
Like *Batt'ries*, on their *Mob* ſtruck dumb with Wonder
To feel ſuch *Torrents* from a *Brother* fall
Who temper'd *Mortar* once to patch a Wall*.

Diſcourſe by our *bleſſed Saviour himſelf* which is there recorded. Every one of them turns upon *moral Righteouſneſs*, which theſe *preaching Fanatics* diſcard and deſpiſe as *a filthy Rag*—"It is *not he* who *ſays* Lord! Lord!—but he that *does the Will* of my *Father*."——But *theſe new Lights of the World* will not *know*, or *underſtand*, any Thing which they have *not a Mind* to *know*, or *underſtand*.—"Where *Myſtery begins* (ſaid good Biſhop *Fleetwood*) *Religion ends*."—The *Children* of *this World* are wiſer than the *Children* of *Light*—The *Loaves and Fiſhes* are the *Things!*

* A quondam *Bricklayer's-Labourer*, now a *ſpiritual Plaiſterer*, leſt a *Change of Dreſs* ſhould have prevented their recollecting him, kindly informed his *groaning Audience* of the *Place of his Reſidence*; told them his *Name*, and bade them think of him what they pleaſed, he would never *build up* the *Walls* of *God's Houſe* with *untempered Mortar*.—Another *Brother Hod-Carrier*, being aſked if he was not ſometimes *fearful* of aſcending ſuch Heights, anſwered—"*No*—He ſhould be happy *to fall and expire*, becauſe he was *well convinced*, from *his inward Feelings*, that he ſhould inſtantly go to *Heaven*."—'Why don't you throw *yourſelf* off the Ladder, then?' ſays his Friend—"*No*—that would be *Suicide*—but if *you* will throw me off, I ſhall think it a *friendly Action* in you."—There's an Inſtance of *Faith* for you, gentle Reader!

Chriſt's Kingdom upon Earth muſt ſoon prevail
By Dint of *Hammer*, *Trowel*, *Laſt*, and *Flail* *.
Mills, *Workſhops*, *Markets*, *Mines*, obey the *Call*,
And ſend out all their deep-mouth'd Sons to *bawl*,
In *various Dialects* and *Babel-Tongues*,
Gifted with Strength of *Sinews*, *Face*, and *Lungs*.
They feel the *fancy'd Croſs* upon their Backs
An heavier Weight than *Baſkets*, *Bales*, and *Sacks*.
E'en *meek St. Giles*'s hears the *joyful News*,
And *Saints*, *full-fledg'd*, diſdain to *black your Shoes*:
Well-plum'd with *ſudden Grace*, they take the *Wing*;
Inſtead of *Ballads*, *Hallelujahs* ſing;
Long-flowing Streams of *Texts* ſpout forth by Rote,
And make a *Scripture-Conduit* of their Throat:
Fed, *cloth'd*, and *ſhod*, with *Faith*, for *Bread* they *truſt*,
And *trade* no more in *Cinders*, *Rags*, and *Duſt*.

* The *carnal Labourers*, who ſtick for a Time to theſe *Enſigns* of a *temporal Calling*, are frequently warned *in Viſions* to abandon them for the *pious Exerciſe* of a *Craft truly ſpiritual*, that of bewildering *vulgar Minds*, and *preaching* the *moſt ſerviceable Part* of Mankind *(labouring People)* into *Idleneſs*, *Beggary*, *Deſpair*, *Madneſs*, and frequently *Suicide*. This *Accuſation* the Author is ready to *verify*, together with every other *Inſinuation*, *Anecdote*, or *ſuppoſed Aſperſion*, thrown out in this or *any other of his Poems* againſt the *Craft* of *Methodiſm*, if any *fanatic Preacher* of *Reputation* chooſes to give the ſlighteſt Hint to the *Publiſher*.—*He* and his *canting Fraternity* ſhall then be *fully gratified*, (*Leaders* and *Underſtrappers* too,) by ſeeing very ſpeedily *an Hiſtory* of their *Impoſitions*, *Frauds*, *Seductions*, &c. &c.—The *Author* will inſert *Names*, *Places*, *Circumſtances*, &c. *at Length*, as he intends to diſcloſe no *Facts* to the World which he cannot *verify by clear Proof*.—This will *open the Eyes* of *credulous Fools*, and *cloſe the Mouths* of *deſigning Knaves*, for ever—notwithſtanding their *Face of Flint*, which *they* call *holy Boldneſs*.

The uſeful *Nightman* quits each *earthly Thought*,
Nor longer fathoms *Cloacina*'s Vault;
But breaks his *Wand* *; and, full of *Heav'n-born Strength*,
Meaſures the Goſpel's "*Depth*, and *Breadth*, and *Length*."
From ev'ry *Alley* ſome *Apoſtles* flow,
And *Infant-Saints* are rear'd in *Middle-Row* †;
Adults for *Training* to the ‡ *F---d'ry* go.
In *holy Go-Carts* there, by *due Degrees*,
They're taught to *ſnivel*, *groan*, *cant*, *whine*, and *wheeze* ‖,
Heart-melting Tones of *wheedling Interceſſion*,
Boanergy, on *Mobs* to make Impreſſion §;
Stage-Tricks, to fill the gloomy Soul with *Fear*,
And wring from *Guilt* a *Shilling*, and a *Tear*.
Nor is this *all*—With *Skill* they muſt employ
The *Maſk* of *Sorrow*, and the *Maſk* of *Joy*;

* His *white Rod*, the Enſign of his *Calling*—what the *College of Heralds* would call his *armorial Bearing*.

† *Middle-Row*—*St. Giles*'s.

‡ A well-known *Sanctuary* for theſe *ſpiritual Invalids* in *Moorfields*—an *holy Menagerie*, where promiſing Genius's are *broke in*—nay, and *ordained* too, from *Stalls* and *Wheel-barrows*.

‖ Theſe *oratorical Graces* were much admired by the *Saints* of *Cromwell*'s Day. They did not all preach *ex-tempore*, or, if they did, ſome of theſe *Tub-Orators* did not care to truſt their *Memory*, their *Abilities*, or the *Spirit itſelf*, with their *Reputations*; for one of *Oliver Mallard*'s Sermons (a *preaching Fanatic* of that Time) was found *marked* at the *proper Breaks* with the Words—"*Groan*—*Cry*—*Cough*—*Hem!* *Hem!*" &c. &c.

§ "*Words*, and *nothing elſe*"—the ſevereſt of all *Satires*—"Abundance of *Sound*, tho' joined with *a lamentable Scarcity of Senſe*, has been often known to gather, and ſometimes to keep a *Crowd* together." Vide Mr. *Godwin*'s *Charge*, p. 41.

This

This beſt impoſes on the *Vain* and *Weak*,
That to the *Purpoſe* makes the *Miſer* ſpeak:
Old *Gripus* goes to *Heav'n*, if he *ſupplies*
His *Teacher*'s Wants; he's *damn'd*, if he *denies*.
A *ſympathetic Sigh*, *well-tim'd*, may win
A *Wife*, or *Daughter*, to a *favorite Sin*;
May, if apply'd with nice Addreſs, and Care,
Supplant a *Child* to make *old Cantwell Heir*.
But theſe are *Arts* which *Novices* can't reach;
Long muſt they *rave*, *cant*, *lie*, *whine*, *fawn*, and *preach*,
Ere to theſe *Maſter-Heights* they dare to riſe
Of making *Fools* diſtruſt their *Ears and Eyes*;
Of governing each *weakly Brother*'s Stop,
Of gueſſing when frail Virtue's *Zone* will drop;
Of knowing how, by *well-adapted Pray'r*,
And *Cloſetting* *, to ſubſtitute an *Heir*.

* Theſe *Men of God*, like *Poltroons*, (for ſo I have called *Simon*,) are very *watchful* to ſteal in upon a *Lady*'s Privacy and Retirement whilſt the *Huſband* (however much their *Friend*) is *abſent*, in order to *inſinuate ghoſtly Comfort*, and *kindly* to inquire *into the State of their poor Souls*.—*Our Simon* was *detected* in ſuch a daring Scene of *preſumptuous Baſeneſs*.—He was turned out of *his Friend's Houſe* inſtantly, and nothing but the *Colour of his Coat* (as *black* as his *Heart*) protected him from that *Chaſtiſement* he deſerved.—The Author *knows* this *Anecdote* to be *true*; and if there is a *Simon* in *real Exiſtence*, let him call at the *Printer*'s, and the *Author* will *verify* his Aſſertion *to his Face*.

Love

Love to the *Brotherhood* is not confin'd,
It reaches *Siſters* when they're *in the Mind* *;
And, if not flowing in the *largeſt Senſe*,
Ceaſes to be *complete Benevolence*.
Let ſhallow Reas'ners to the *Letter* bend,
Whilſt for the *Spirit* true Adepts contend.
"*All Things to all Men*" how cou'd *Paul* appear,
Unleſs he knew with *ev'ry Wind* to *ſteer?*
Ev'n ſo *ſome new Apoſtles* ſhrewdly know
Each Quarter that the *human Paſſions* blow;
Take 'em *at Flood*, exactly when they riſe;
Meaſure each Underſtanding's *Depth* and *Size*;
Temper *apt Doctrines* to ſuit all *Complexions*,
Fancies, *Antipathies*, and *Predilections*.
M----, *R*------, and *W*-----, have the Start
Of all their *Journeymen* in *this great Art*.

* N. B. The *Author* (who deteſts *Fanaticiſm*, and can *prove* every *Tittle* he *aſſerts*) has many *Anecdotes* of *this Kind* ready for the *Preſs* upon the ſhorteſt Notice, which he will *publiſh* (if any *Fanatic*, of *ſuppoſed Reputation* among the *preaching Claſs*, gives him *Reaſon*), with the Names of *all the Parties at Length*, in *plain Engliſh Proſe*.—In a Word, the *Author* thinks himſelf *bound*, upon the leaſt Intimation to the *Publiſher* of an *unfair Attack*, or *groundleſs Inſinuation*, to diſcover *all* he *knows*, and can *prove*, by *indubitable Teſtimony*, to the *Honour* of *fanatic Hypocriſy* and *counterfeit Perfection*—the *worſt Means* of *Living*.

Lewd with the *wanton*, *rigid* with the *ſour*,
They join the ruling Humour of the Hour;
With *Proſelytes* in *Uniſon* accord,
And rarely *out of Seaſon* ſeek the *Lord* *.
This is *Perfection* †—*W*-----, teach us all
To reach *that Point* in Spite of *Adam*'s Fall;
Teach us up *Bunyan*'s ‡ Ladder how to climb,
Nor want a *Shove* ‖ to make us move in Time.
" *Perfection* only *ſaves*"—*John* gravely cries;
Mark how his *Life* his *Tenet* juſtifies!
" *The Huſband of one Wife*" this *Saint* appears;
Who wou'd *ſuſpect* his *Sanctity* and *Years*?

* When *Oliver Cromwell*, who owed his Power and Dignity to the *Fanatics*, was *Protector*, a ſelect Body of the *fanatic Tribe*, called *Seekers*, deſired an *Audience* of his *Highneſs*—*Oliver*, who knew how to enjoy a *Friend*, was at that Moment drinking *a Bottle of Claret* with *Ireton*—He had put the *Cork* careleſsly into the Bottle, and it bounced out—Both theſe great Men were in Purſuit of it, when a Meſſenger entered from *theſe Seekers*, to requeſt an *Audience*—" An *Audience*, *Ireton!* (ſays *Cromwell*)—an *Audience now!*—*No*—*No*—Go tell 'em *We are ſeeking the Lord.*"

† i. e. *Sinleſs Perfection*—(clearly *refuted* 1 *John*, *c.* 1. *v.* 8, 9, 10.—N. B. The *Fallacy* lies in this *old Fox's falſe Application* of 1 *John*, *c.* 5, *v.* 18, 19, which he applies to his *own Tribe alone*, as if *they were perfect*)—a *favourite Doctrine* with *an old fanatical*, *political*, *miniſterial*, *Jeſuitical*, *Methodiſtical* Maſter of (all *Tabernacle*) *ARTS*.—This abſurd and *unſcriptural Doctrine* is treated as it deſerves in a late Poem called *Perfection*, by the ſame Author.

‡ The celebrated *John Bunyan*, the renowned Author of The *Pilgrim's Progreſs*—a *myſtic Viſionary*; and, like our *modern Fanatics*, a Child of the *fanciful* and *frantic Jacob Behmen*.

‖ Alluding to a *pious* Treatiſe, entitled "*A Shove to an heavy-a*——*d Chriſtian*," well known among the *Saints* of *Moorfields* and *Tottenham-Court*, &c.

His

His *rampant Mob* in triple Chains he binds,
Himſelf impatient of *Reſtraint* he finds*.
Whilſt on the Sin of *Wantonneſs* he dwells,
His own weak Fleſh at *ſev'nty-five* rebels.
Methinks I hear this *perfect Man* reply,
" You, *without Proof* †, have *charg'd*, and *I deny*."
Then, as *a Witneſs* ‡, *D*------- I adduce:
Let him the *guilty Letters* ‖ but produce—
An *injur'd Wife* demands 'em—they will ſhew
Old Cantwell falſe, my Accuſation *true*.
Then we ſhall ſee the End his *Circuits* § ſerve;
Zeal without *Virtue*, *Luſt* without a *Nerve*;

* Thoſe *Teachers* are *Impoſtors* and *Hypocrites* who do not (as Dr. *Enfield* ſays) " exhibit *a fair Pattern* of *all the Virtues* which *their Profeſſion* requires them to inculcate *upon others*." Vide his *Ordination-Sermon*.

† The *Author*, once more, deſires to have it *particularly noted*, that he has not advanced a ſingle *Fact*, or the leaſt oblique Hint at a *Fact*, in *any of his Poems* which laſh the *Fanatics*, that he cannot *verify* by the *cleareſt Proof*; and will *verify*, by an *explicit Publication* of certain Pieces of *private Hiſtory*, which he has, with ſome Aſſiduity, compiled, for the effectual *Detection* and *Conviction* of *fanatical Impoſture* and *ſanctified Iniquity*; which, if not *checked*, bid fair to ruin great Numbers of the *lower Rank*.

‡ The *Author* does not want *further Proof of this Aſſertion*.—No *Antiquary* has been more induſtrious than he has (together with ſeveral Friends equally well affected to *Fanaticiſm*) in compiling *Materials* to the *Honour* of the *inſpired Craft*.

‖ Hereby hangs *a Tale*.—N. B. A *certain Cantwell* ſaid, if it was *divulged abroad*, he ſhould be *ruined*.—O rare *Perfection!*

§ The *Head-Preachers* of the ſeveral *Churches* of theſe *Saints* have their *Preaching-Houſes* in the *Country*, to which they make their *Circuits* twice a Year generally, or oftener (if their *Flocks* need their *ghoſtly Aſſiſtance*). The Truth is, they go to receive their *Rents*, collected among the ſeveral *Societies* even by *Pence* and *Twopences*, and to take a little *innocent Recreation* in *the Country*—Perhaps the *Conſequences* may be divulged in *unlucky Letters*.

Chriſt's

Chriſt's *Church* erected on a Plan quite *new*,
At once a *Conventicle* and a *Stew*.
Now mark this *meddling Prieſt*, with daring Pen,—
Exalting *T----ts*, and degrading *Men*;
On *paſſive Slav'ry* hear *this Tool* inſiſt,
Beating his *Drum* for *Murd'rers* to *enliſt*.
Baſely with *Miniſters of State* ally'd,
Hear him, in Ignorance *, *thoſe Claims* deride
Which *Britons* purchas'd with their deareſt Blood;
By *Prieſts* and *Courtiers* ſeldom underſtood †:
Hear him, (like *Y--k* ‡,) in *Politics* perplext,
For *Machiavel*'s deſert *his Maſter*'s *Text*;
Hear him in grated Ears *Sachev'rel* ring,
Degrade his *God* to *deify* a *King* ‖;

* *Ignorance* of the deepeſt and groſſeſt Kind, both in the *Hiſtory* and *Conſtitution* of *his own Country*, to whom he *calmly addreſſes* himſelf.—The Inſtances of *this Ignorance* are glaring in ſeveral Places.—This *ſpiritual Scribbler* had *pillaged*, *garbled*, and *abridged*, Dr. *Sam. Johnſon*'s *political Lucubrations*, without the leaſt *Inſpiration* to enlighten his *Underſtanding* —" Ne *Sutor* ultra *Crepidam*"—" Tractent *fabrilia Fabri*."—*Demetrius*, the *Epheſian Silverſmith*, ſtuck to *that* " *Craft alone*, by which *he got his Wealth*." Vide *Acts*.—*A Word to the Wiſe*—Drop *your political Gooſe-Quill*, *John*—" Projice *Tela* Manu," as *the calmeſt of all calm Addreſſers* ſays—See his *Twopenny Performance*—his *firſt Addreſs*.

† A certain *calm Addreſſer* never could get any firm Footing in *America*: With particular Emotions he viewed the Attachment of theſe People to his Rival *George*: And at the very Time he *pyrated* the Pamphlet entitled *Taxation no Tyranny*, a celebrated Preacher of *George*'s Party had the Honour of being Preceptor to *General Waſhington*'s Son.—This was *Wormwood* to the *calm Addreſſer*.

‡ A certain *ſermonizing High-Prieſt* of late much talked of.

‖ A *ſcribbling Sycophant*, who can talk of " *blaſpheming God, and the King*," certainly degrades the *Deity*, and places his *Maker* upon *an Equality* with a *royal Compound* of *Duſt and Aſhes*. How can a *Mortal* (were he *Potentate* of the *Univerſe*) be *blaſphemed*, in

Inteſtine Broils with " *Calm Addreſs*" inflame,
And ſpread *Deſtruction* in his *Saviour*'s Name.
Hear him *evade*, *deceive*, *cant*, *miſapply*,
In *Preſs* and *Pulpit* propagate a *Lie* * ;
Falſe to both Syſtems, *human* and *divine*,
Wreſting each Law to *Int'reſt* and *Deſign*.
Is this *Perfection?* and are theſe its *Fruits?*
For *Maſſacres* do *Churchmen* raiſe *Recruits?*
That *Freemen* dare *revolt* this *Saint* complains;
Yet like a *Tyrant* o'er Mens *Souls* he *reigns*,
Makes *Piety* a *Bawd* to aid his Work,
Out-lies *Sam. J---ſ-n*, and out-whores a *Turk*.
———" Raſh *Satyriſt*, forbear—reſtrain your Pen,
" Nor *libel* thus the *pureſt* Sons of Men.
" What *thinking* Bard wou'd raiſe an *Hornet*'s *Neſt?*
" By wounding *One* you madden *all the reſt*:

in the *religious Senſe* of the Word, in which alone it is generally *received* by *Chriſtians*, and ought only to be *uſed* by *Divines?*—But a *courtly Bias* will often miſlead *Piety*, unleſs it happens to be *real* and *unfeigned*.

* All theſe Inſtances of *fanatic Baſeneſs* have been *proved*—A certain *calm Addreſſer* has been *convicted in public Print* of a *premeditated Lie*.—No Man has a greater Reſpect for the Rev. Mr. *Caleb Evans* than the *Author* of this little Piece.—He is capable of doing, and has already done, great Service to Mankind; many of whom he has probably ſaved from dropping into the *toothleſs Mouth* of *an old Rattle-Snake*, by whom they may ſtill be *ſwallowed*, perhaps, tho' *not chewed*.—" *Beware*, therefore, of *falſe Teachers!*"—*toothleſs* as they are.

" That *One* the *Chief* *—Have you no *Senſe*, no *Fears*?
" Why, *he*'ll let *Bedlam* looſe about your Ears.
" Deſiſt!—nor farther urge *Perfection*'s Rage—
" With *Saints run mad* what *Devil* durſt engage?"—
I *dare*—I'll ſtill write on—'Twas always *ſo*;
Satires and Cudgels *Saints* muſt undergo:
Oppreſſion never yet was far behind
Thoſe *pure ones* from " *the World who wean their Mind*†."
Who can expreſs what the *Regen'rate* feel?
How " *dog-like Satan* ‡ *bites 'em by the Heel!*"
To them this *Fiend* a very *Wizard* ſeems,
Haunts 'em by Day with *Plagues*, by Night with *Dreams*:
Anxious to make *his Stratagems* complete,
" *He ſifts their Souls as Millers bolt their Wheat* ‖."

* It is *a Law* with the *perfect Fraternity of Moorfields*, that an Attack upon their *unſpotted Chief* is a Declaration of *War* againſt *all his Societies* of *pious Bedlamites* both in *Town* and *Country*.—They are enjoined, alſo, " never to go to Law *with one another*:" But if *one* of this *fanatical Body* receives *a Tweak by the Noſe* from *a whited Hypocrite*, (i. e. from one who abhors *Fanatics*,) then *the whole Kingdom of Methodiſts* club their *Pence* and *Twopences*, to revenge the *unhallowed Inſult*.—This *Paragon of Perfection* has been heard to boaſt that he could ſpend *an hundred Guineas in Law* to any other Perſon's *one*.—*Rare Words!—brave Times, John!—Suck their Brains*, and *drain their Pockets*, John!—It was not *ſo*, when you mounted a *Stool* in the *Fields*, and at the Ends of Streets in *Worceſter*, and was pelted out of the City with *rotten Eggs*—But, as the World grows *more wicked*, *Fanaticiſm* gains Ground, and its *Miniſters* grow *rich*——" *Rejoice, therefore*," (as *Ancient Piſtol* ſays).

† This is the common Strain of *Cant* among the *ſuffering Saints*.

‡ See *God's Dealings* with Mr. *Whitefield*, where *this Phraſe* is uſed.

‖ See *God's Dealings* with Mr. *Whitefield*.

But,

But, to *the bleſt* *, *Oppreſſion* gives no Pain,
All *Scandal*'s *Honour*, and all *Loſs* is *Gain:*
Libels and *Stripes* they meet with joyful Heart,
Smile at the *Stocks*, the *Pill'ry*, and the *Cart.*
Heav'n a ſure Sign of *Predilection* gives
When thus beneath its Strokes its *Fav'rite* lives:
But ſhou'd kind *Fortune* place him in *her* Train,
Then, *arm'd* with *Texts*, he ſings a *diff'rent Strain* †;
Texts to *his Purpoſe* in a Cloud he brings,
To ſhew that *Heav'n* pours down the *choiceſt Things*
On *Saints* unaſk'd—that, ere their precious Birth,
It was *ordain'd* they ſhou'd "*poſſeſs the Earth* ‡."

* So theſe *fanatic Saints* affect to call *themſelves.*—They are generally (when they *feel* themſelves *bleſt*) *well elevated* by that *Spirit of Inſpiration*, figured in the *Frontiſpiece* of this Poem, *vulgarly* called *Gin.*—*Then*, they "*feel themſelves quite bleſt*," and the "*Righteous* are *as bold as Lions*" (this is *their real Language*):—But when they are recovered from the Impulſe of this *ſpiritual* (or rather *ſpirituous*) *Operation*, they *droop*, and *tremble*, and *deſpair*—they are "*loſt Creatures*," and "*Satan lays faſt hold* on them," and "enters into *dreadful Conflicts* with the *Followers of the Lamb*"—"the *Choſen*"—"the *only Remnant that ſhall be ſaved.*"——

"Who wou'd not *laugh*, if *ſuch a Tribe* he ſee,
"And turn 'em out, for *public Sport*, like *me?*"

† Addiſon, in deſcribing *Hypocrites*, well remarked, that whatever Misfortunes befal *themſelves*, they call *Trials*; and thoſe which happen to *others*, they name *Judgments.* One of theſe *divine Trumpeters*, comforting his Flock under all their Diſcouragements, thanked them for what they had given him—gently hinted a *few Things yet unpaid to him*—but, to prevent their being *hurt* by *the laſt ſlight Touch*, told them, "the *Mercy of God* was like a *Buttock of Beef*, there was *Cut and come again.*"—(Inquire of Mr. *D-v-is*, at Reading.) Aye, whiſpered a *Brother*, and often have I had a *Slice*, which I have been obliged to eat with the *Vinegar of the World's Malice*, and *the Horſeraddiſh of Temptation:* At *other Times* I have eat it with *the nice Pickle of the Promiſes*, and *the ſtrong Muſtard of Grace.*

‡ That "*Dominion* is founded *in Grace*" is a *Maxim* with *theſe Rabble*—The *Inference* is, that theſe *fanatic Saints* have *a Right* to every Thing they *dare to ſeize*—Their *Fingers* are, generally ſpeaking, as *light* as their *Heads*—The *ruling Maxim* with them is (as *Iago* ſays)—"Not to leave it *undone*, but keep it *unknown*"—"*Ars eſt celare Artem.*"

Tho' *pelted*, *ſtigmatiz'd*, *revil'd*, and *drubb'd*,
Yet *by themſelves* "*God's choſen People*" dubb'd,
That Name's *a Salve* for ev'ry *Saint-like Sore*,
It heals the *Thief*, the *Murd'rer*, and the *Whore*.
Whilſt *Titles* thus diſtinguiſh *foul* from *fair*,
And point out whom *inſulted Heav'n* muſt *ſpare*,
Nor *Tongue*, nor *Pen*, nor *Cudgel*, ſhall be found,
Which on the *Choſen* can inflict a *Wound*.
All *fleſhly Thorns* true *Saints* exulting feel,
Theſe mark 'em for "*Chriſt's ſep'rate Commonweal*"*,
"On whom alone *Heav'n* caſts a *gracious Eye*:"
"All Men beſide *neglected* live and die;"
"Their Way to *Hell* th' *eternal Doom* has pav'd †;"
For *Saints* alone may *ſin*, and yet be *ſav'd*:
"The *more atrocious Crimes* they *here* commit,
"Enthron'd *above* the *higher* they will ſit" ‡.

* The *Saints* ſpeak of *themſelves* in this Style continually in their *Writings*, and in their *Roſtrums*; nay, even their *Joint-ſtool Orators in Fields* have caught *this Ton*.

† Theſe are the *charitable* Sentiments of *this righteous Tribe* in reſpect to *every Chriſtian* except *themſelves*; and in theſe Terms theſe *red-hot Zealots* frequently declare thoſe *impious* and *fooliſh Notions* which they have imbibed from their *crafty Teachers*.

‡ *The greater the Sinner the greater the Saint*—is a *Maxim* among them.—In *this Doctrine*, for the Sake of *Gain*, *all the fanatic Teachers agree*, becauſe they find it their *joint Intereſt*. This *Doctrine* is the *grand Bait* which *theſe Knaves* throw out to catch *Fools*; and *this fallacious Doctrine* makes *Sin circulate*, to their *Emolument*.

Needham,

Needham *, who in the Depths of *Vice* had trod,
Wiſh'd to *leave off*, and make her Peace with *God*,
Had but *a decent Pittance*, to her Mind,
By ſome good Fortune with *New-Light* been join'd:
Ere *that* arriv'd, the *Pill'ry* was her Fate,
And ſhe departed *unregenerate.*
Had good *R*------ or *W*----- then been known,
The *Land of Promiſe* had been all *her own*;
She by *their Means* had gain'd the *Prize* in View,
Nor miſs'd the *Milk and Honey* of her *Stew:*
Pure as a *Babe* the *perjur'd Bawd* had fell,
And *diſappointed* ev'ry Fiend in Hell.
For thoſe who can *believe they know not what*,
The *Tabernacle* is the *ſaving Spot* †;
From whence, like Bees, *our modern Sinners* ſwarm
To *Heav'n*, by Aids *mechanic Paſtors* form,
And *ſeize* the *Manſions of the Bleſt* by *Storm.*

* A *venerable Matron, vulgarly* called *Mother Needham*, whoſe *Name* is ſtill revered in *Covent-Garden*—But ſhe was expoſed in the *Pillory* for *Perjury*, and was not *Saint ſufficient* long to ſurvive the *Shame.*—Had ſhe lived in *theſe Days*, ſo well provided with *fanatical ghoſtly Comfort*, ſhe would have *ſmiled* at *worldly Shame*, as *Cato* did at the *Dagger*, and nothing could have *ſubdued* her "*holy Boldneſs*" but *an Halter.* How many *living Examples* of *this Truth* have we *now* among the *wild, regenerate Children* of the *Tabernacle*, or rather *Conventicle!*—The *pious perfect Saint, R-ſſ-n*, was a recent one—a *Pupil of Perfection.*

† At *our modern fanatical Shops, Salves* for all Kinds of *Sin* are *ſold* at *reaſonable Rates*, (like *Popiſh Indulgences*,) not only for *paſt Sins*, but even for thoſe which are *intended.* Thus *Abſolution*, the juſt Conſequence of *Confeſſion*, foſters *Iniquity* in the *Egg.*—*Rare Birds*, when *fully-fledged!*

There Precepts flow from *Workſhop*, *Sew'r*, and *Sink*,
And, like the *Teachers*, all their *Doctrines* ſtink.
With *Scripture-Blaſts* rebellious Souls they *ſcathe*
Who do not faſten on the Twig of *Faith* *;
And, dropping *Works*, forſake *the ſtronger Limb* †,
Secure in *all-ſufficient Pray'r* and *Hymn*.
Of *Chriſtian Virtues* how *theſe Zealots* brag,
Yet deem *Morality* a *filthy Rag!*
Thrice happy they whom *headſtrong Frenzy* leads,
Thro' *Faith*, to eaſy Negligence of *Deeds!*
Who "*once in Grace muſt ſtill in Grace remain* ‡,"
Whoſe *Purity* no *future Crimes* can *ſtain!*
Elected once, they *feel* themſelves annext
To *Chriſt*, in Spite of each *confuting Text* ‖.

* *This Doctrine* of *Faith*, as it is *tortured* and *expounded* by *fanatic Teachers*, is the *limed Twig* which *theſe Holy Ones* ſet for *ſilly Tabernacle-Birds*. With *this* they *catch them*, and then (as *Shenſtone* the Poet ſays)

"They *eat* 'em, *Bones and all*, my Boy."

† *Faith*, without *Works*, ſays the *Apoſtle* moſt *truly*, like a *Body* without a *Spirit*, is *dead*—So taught *the great Maſter of our Faith*—So ſays St. *Paul moſt clearly*—St. *James*, in his beautiful Epiſtle, ſays the ſame—Indeed, that *Fanatic*, *Zinzendorff*, called it (with *Luther*) an *Epiſtle of Straw*—but *Luther recanted* this *Stricture* afterwards.

‡ *A well-known Doctrine* among *Methodiſts*, and a moſt *unſcriptural* and *deſtructive* one.

‖ No one Doctrine hath occaſioned *keener* Controverſies, or perhaps done more *Hurt* to the Intereſts of *Morality* and *Mankind*, than the Doctrine of *Election* and *abſolute Predeſtination*—each of them *moſt falſely expounded* by *our Fanatics*, and in a Manner *moſt injurious* to the *univerſal Goodneſs*, *Juſtice*, and *Truth*, of *God*.

In

In *Tabernacles Faith alone* muſt reign;
Honeſty's Finger points the *Road* too plain:
In *W----y*'s *Shop* the *Web of Myſt'ry*'s ſpun;
Were *John*'s *Saints honeſt*, *John* muſt be *undone*.
Of *Truth** and *Honeſty* let *Heathens* ſpeak,
They cannot *err* who *faſt* three Times a Week †,
Who ſeldom *work*, but, without ceaſing, *pray*,
And keep *John W----y* and his *Men* in Pay.
What tho' that *Pagan Whim* of *caſting Lots*,
Perfection's fair and pure *Eſcutcheon* blots ‡?
Superior Grace ſtill boldly mounts the *Skies*,
And claims *excluſively* the *deſtin'd Prize*:
Ev'n to the *Throne of Thrones* it *flies*, or *ſteals*,
Without *Elijah*'s Courſers or his Wheels;

* Theſe *Tabernacle* and *Field Jugglers* may ſay, with *Steele*'s *Cymberton*,

"*Truth* is *too ſimple* of all *Art* bereav'd;
"Since the World *will*, why let it be *deceiv'd*."

† See *God's Dealings* with Mr. *Whitefield*.—*Sandys*, in his *Travels*, ſays, that the People of *Zant* make more Conſcience of breaking *a Faſt*, than of committing *a Murder*.

‡ *Old Cantwell* was *ſuperſtitious enough* (tho' he continually *preaches* againſt Superſtition) to *caſt Lots* to determine him in what Strain he ſhould *preach* and *print*.—For further Information enquire of the Rev. Mr. *R-wl-nd H-ll*.

Thinks

Thinks *all the World beſide* by *Preaching* flamm'd*,
And *charitably* hopes to ſee 'em *damn'd*.

* The *Methodiſts*, in their Writings and *Harangues*, (I cannot call them *Sermons*,) inſiſt that *very few preach the Goſpel*, thereby *modeſtly inſinuating* that it is preached *by themſelves alone*—They teach their own *fanciful Syſtems* for *Doctrines*—Not a Word of *moral Righteouſneſs*—No—"*That's a filthy Rag.*"—They pretend to be *Diſſenters*—Will they condeſcend to hear two of their *diſſenting Brethren* upon this Head?—The Rev. Mr. *Godwin*, in his *Charge*, ſays, "When *moral Virtues* are recommended from the *Pulpit*, I will venture to ſay that *Chriſt is preached*, and that *this Preaching* is after the Model of *the beſt Sermon in the World.*"—So ſays Dr. *Enfield*, in his Ordination-Sermon.——Thus the *Methodiſts* aſperſe the *Preachers* of the *Church of England*:—"They are *Hirelings*, not *Shepherds*"—"The *Wolf of Hell* may devour the *Flock*, if They get but the *Fleece*"—"Blind and *ignorant* dumb *Dogs*"—"They grow *fat* and *lazy*, and ſpend their Time at the *Bottle*," &c. Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Inſtructor, p. 144, and *all thro' the Book*.

FINIS.

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